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The Linden Bark, February 12, 1929

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LINDEN BARK

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APPRECIATION SHOWN BY MR. MORIZE

Dr. Andre Morize of Harvard sponsored by the Beta Phi Theta, will long be remembered as one of the most charming speakers who ever spoke at Lindenwood. His delightful lecture on "Culture" was not only well given from a literary standpoint, but it was also full of subtle humor and clever phraseology.

This letter confirms the idea that Dr. Morize liked his audience as well as they liked him.

Friday, January 26.

Dear Dr. Roemer:

I do not want to leave St. Louis without sending you a line to express my very sincere appreciation for the warm, cordial welcome I received at Lindenwood. There is something decidedly "human" about the whole place,—there is life, sympathy, joy. May I say that my brief, but very illuminating contact with the man who pilots the boat, helped me greatly to understand how this is achieved?

Thanks again, and
very sincerely, yours,
Andre Morize.

AND STILL THEY COME!

Is Lindenwood growing? Just ask Mr. Motley! Six new students have registered for the second semester, and three students of last year, who did not return for work the first semester, have returned to resume their studies. The new girls are Margaret Brodie, Owensboro Kentucky; Helen Kenney, Norton, Kansas; Margaret Omohundro, St. Louis; Frances Lehmpuhl, Chicago Ill.; Iola Geraldine Trigg, Beason, Ill.; and Virginia Wilson, Kokomo Ind. The former students who have returned are Hester Moore, Okmulgee, Okla.; Dorothy May Schooler, Kansas City, Mo.; and Ruth Teter, El Dorado, Kans.

LINDENWOOD AS A WINTER RESORT

For days Lindenwood girls had been asking every small boy they met where they could find a good skating pond; and then one morning Dr. Roemer announced in chapel that the tennis courts were open for ice skating until further notice from Miss Duggan. Ice skating has been only one of the many snow sports at Lindenwood. The golf course has been popular for sledding, and the ninth hole is an ideal spot for skiing. The recent heavy snow provided fine material for snow men, and the good old sport of snow balling has not been forgotten.

Miss Linnemann's art students could make an unusual addition to this list of snow sports; charcoal drawings of snow scenes are an interesting although rather difficult sport. And Lucile Kelly would like to urge an even more enthusiastic participation in one of the milder snow sports that of taking pictures. One group of girls was seen taking a snap shot entitled "A Study in Contrasts", in which the wool hose and gloves of two girls aided the thick snow in providing a contrast royal to the other girl, who was attired in her best—bathing suit! Films are for sale in the post office, and a fine group of pictures is expected as a commemoration of Lindenwood's snow sports.

SPORTS PARTY

GALA AFFAIR

Collegiate Decorations Add Color

The sports dance given on Friday night, February 1, by the Southern Clubs which comprise the Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Dixie clubs has been set down as a huge success. This decision includes the collegiately smart decorations

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VIOLINIST FROM EUROPE TO LINDENWOOD COLLEGE

Lindenwood is to be favored a second time this year with a concert by a world-famous artist. This time Mr. Harry Farbam, American violinist, will play in Roemer Auditorium, tomorrow night, at eight o'clock.

Mr. Farbam is being received very favorably in Europe and South America, as well as in the United States. Typical phrases from notices of his concerts are "superb artistry", "perfect mechanism", "a magician on violin," "tone human Voice", "dazzling technique," "magic power", "original". New York, Chicago and Boston critics have praised him highly.

WOMEN IN POLITICS SUB- JECT OF LEAGUE MEETING

The League of Women Voters held a meeting January thirty-first, at five o'clock in Roemer Hall. Jakie Hempleman, president, turned the meeting over to Elizabeth Tracy, chairman of the program committee, she presented the program on the political and legal status of women today, and traced the advancement of women in politics. Lorraine Robie told about the political field as far as women were concerned fifty years ago. The constructive influence of women in politics today was explained by Dorothy Fogwell, while George Evelyn Cone told about women's destructive influence in politics. Lucie May Sharon briefly presented the outstanding women in the field of politics today. At the close of the program four delegates and two alternates were elected for the Missouri League convention February, 14, 15, 16, at Jefferson City and Columbia. The delegates were Jakie Hempleman, Dorothy Fogwell, Margaretha Clark, and Helen Weber, with Joe Bowman and Doris Force as the alternates.

LINDEN BARK

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Linden Bark:

"Muse, bid the Morn awake!
Sad Winter now declines,
Each bird doth choose a mate;
This day's Saint Valentine's.
For that good bishop's sake
Get up and let us see
What beauty it shall be
That Fortune us assigns."
Drayton—*Additional Odes*

LINCOLN AS A LOVER

For every great name in history there is a school-boy connotation, as George Washington and the cherry tree, but for Abraham Lincoln we reserve the title of "rail-splitter". At the mention of his name the fleeting picture of a log cabin, low burning fire, and small boy hunched over a book appears on the mental horizon. The scene changes and that small boy, now a tall, ungraceful man, is delivering a speech in such a way that his listeners forget his awkwardness and ill-fitting clothes, and listen to the well chosen, well spoken words of a coming statesman.

Every child knows his life story, even the lovable details of the pig that Abe rescued, the pennies he walked a mile to return, and the beetle he turned over. It is only recently that the world has begun to see Lincoln in a new light—that of an immortal lover.

His devotion to Ann Rutledge has been chronicled by several historians, but some old letters and documents have been published which reveal the beauty of this love

in all its depth of feeling. Lincoln's letters are dignified, almost the perfect models for "How a Young Man Should Court in Print—in 1835", but occasionally, endearments as "treasured one" escaped his pen. Ann's letters, almost illiterate, are full of a sincere love, a love that defies all historians who say she had shown too great a preference for the man who had courted her before Lincoln came on the scene.

In a diary of her best friend the whole story may be pieced together, telling of Ann's struggle to earn money after the reversal of family fortunes, and of her sickness and death. These words of the little diary show how strongly Lincoln was affected by the death of his sweetheart.

"As poor Abe ses him and me is going through the vail of despond, our angel on erth has been snached from us to the arms of the Lord. the kin ses Abe is lunny."

As far as we know, Lincoln's life with the woman he finally married was happy, but what difference would it have made if Ann had lived? Friends say, in these old frank documents, that his political career would have ended, yet somehow after reading those pitiful attempts of the uneducated girl to learn for the sake of her lover, we are sentimentally inclined at this season of the year to believe that Ann would have helped make her Abe's path to fame much smoother than it was.

LENTEN SEASON BEGINS

Ash Wednesday, which falls this year on the thirteenth of February, will officially open Lent, the season of fasting observed before Easter, in the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Lutheran, and Eastern churches. Lent is one of the earliest seasons of fasting. Before the third century there is evidence of the solemn observance of the last two days of Holy Week. This custom grew to include the whole week. Now it includes 40 days.

In the Western churches, Lent begins 46 days before Easter, but it is the same because 6 Sundays are fast days and are not counted as part of Lent. There are several theories for the origin of the time limit. One is that it is in Commemoration of the 40 hours which intervened between the death and

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Wednesday, February 13—

8:00 P. M. Harry Farbman,
Violin Concert.

Thursday, February 14—

11:00 Rev. Henry Little, Kirk-
wood, Mo.

Friday, February 15—

Le Malade Imaginaire, Beta Pi
Theta.

Sunday, February 17—

Rev. R. S. Kenaston.

the resurrection of Christ. Another is that it is in commemoration of the 40 days hrist fasted before He began his public ministry.

The primary idea of Lent was penitence, and fasting was incidental. Ash Wednesday was so named because it was the custom for the penitents to appear in church covered with sackcloth and ashes. This custom was sanctioned by Pope Celestin the third in 911, but it dates from the tenth century. In the Church of Rome now there is a short ceremony and then the priest puts ashes made by burning palms consecrated on the preceding Palm Sunday, on the head of each penitent kneeling at the altar rail. In the Church of Engalnd and the United States, Ash Wednesday is observed but without the ceremony.

The medieval churches were very strict about fasting. They abstained from eating meat, eggs, milk and all of its products, and from eating any food until evening. Now, the fast is more nominal than real. It is desirable that public worship with a sermon be attended daily, with frequent communion especially on Saturdays and Sundays. Pubic amusements, especially stage plays, are prohibited, and the celebration of religious festivals such as birthdays and marriages is held to be unsuitable. Increased diligence in alms-giving and deeds of charity is enjoined.

It will not be long now until we see just how strictly the girls of Lindenwood observe these ancient customs. Lent promises a wonderful opportunity for dieting, and trips to the Tea Room should show a marked decrease in the next few weeks.

Read the Linden Bark.

THE HOUSE ACROSS THE WAY

By Adaline Martin

The first object I see each morning is the house across the way. It is a quaint little house with a human expression. I often catch myself nodding a "good morning" to it as it stares at me in its guizzical way. The house is white frame with green trimmings and its windows and doors are arranged so that one can easily see its large eyes, its bottom-like nose, and its astonished mouth. This is a moody little house.

A not quite symmetrical arrangement of windows causes its little face to appear distorted and each morning its twisted countenance peers at me with wide-awake eyes. The blinds left up so as to allow plenty of air during the night and the sun shining on its east front remind me of my own reflection this morning—fresh after a good night's rest—eyes bright and face shining. I flash it a friendly smile as I fly off to work.

Lunch finds the little house looking a trifle tired. The blinds are partly drawn and the door is ajar. The attic window seems to be frowning and the gay little chimney, which this morning was alive with vari-colored birds, is deserted. The wind is still, the air sultry, everything seems to have paused a minute. The heat is stifling and I am tired and a trifle out of sorts myself. As I bid my mother goodbye after lunch I glance at the little white house, with its heavy, dreamy eyes and it seems to heave a drowsy sigh as it settles down to a lazy summer afternoon.

I always reach home from work just at that time of evening when it is too dark to see without lights and too light to burn them. The night sky is still dashed with a deep rich red and black clouds are blown into a thousand grotesque figures. The wind swishes softly through the trees and the crickets are beginning their monotonous chirping. To me, this time of evening is heart-breaking. I've never known why, but it gives me a queer longing—a lonely, sad feeling. I look across the street and strangely the little house echoes my feelings. The last rose of the dying sun is reflected

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ECSTASY

By Elnora Johnston

It swept upon me like a mighty gust
Of wind from off an open field—
caught and swirled
Me far above the realm of common men.
Among the fleecy clouds I floated long
Nor wished to drop again to earth.
So much
I feared this ecstasy would be short-lived
That I began to clutch at it. The more
I grasped and clung, the fainter was my hold
I groaned at thought of being dashed to earth
For fear t'would crush me, and never more
I'd feel this ecstasy. The fall soon came
But gently as a feather wafted me
Once more among my fellow men,
—not crushed,
But waiting for another joy to pick Me up again.

MY THREE CONSCIENCE- PRICKERS

By Julia Thomson

I have three little monkeys, Hear-No-Evil, See-No-Evil, and Speak-No-Evil, who squat smugly upon my desk and watch and hear everything I do or say in my most private moments. They are almost unnoticeable, so diminutive, such a murky brown color, so utterly noiseless. But they are three—I know it now since I was quite abruptly brought to that realization the other day.

Rebelling against a cruelly unjust fate which drove me from a most enjoyable radio program to a thoroughly unenjoyable textbook, I gave way, in the privacy of my room, to the worst side of my nature. I felt a supreme satisfaction in wrinkling my face into a horrible scowl, while my lips formed several,—well—improper words. I wondered how I looked and like a silly "seventeen-year old" I picked up a mirror from my dresser and looked at myself. For several minutes I experienced a demoniac pleasure in the absurd performance of making myself as ugly as pos-

(Continued on page 6, col. 2)

HOW I CURE A COLD

By Florence Hook

Perhaps the reader will be led to suppose by the title that I am some famous physician who has discovered a marvelous new quick-cure for colds. I am exceedingly sorry to say that I cannot come up to such a high expectation because I, myself, am human enough to be subject to disagreeable colds. You probably would not bother to read this unless, at sometime, you had had a cold. Anyone who has been afflicted with this disease is always eager to learn of a new cure, because a cold is so troublesome.

It seems to me that I always get a cold when it is most inconvenient. Sometimes I have planned a dance or a party and then this cold spoils all my arrangements. I do not understand why it cannot be more considerate of me, and come when I have nothing else to do, though if it waited that long it might find me too old to really bother. Far worse, however, is that I cannot put it off with promises, as I do some other things which seem to me to be much more pressing than a cold.

Another strange thing about colds is that I seem to get one when I have been feeling most healthy. I have been enjoying myself without dreaming that such a thing could possibly befall me. Just when I most rely on my ability to withstand sudden changes of climate, I "catch cold" and all is ruined. I am always disappointed to find that I am just ordinary and that my health does not endure any rough treatment. I resent the fact that my health is too stubborn to act as I should like it.

When I suddenly "catch cold" like this, I am apt to neglect it the first day. I think it is just a temporary condition caused by the closeness of the air in the room, or that I sneeze because something has tickled my nose. I go to bed that night quite confident that I will be all right in the morning. I am disappointed when I awake early because I feel cold. Thus begins a day of sneezing and feeling wretched. The cold has arrived.

What shall I do to cure it? I try camphor and ointments of various kinds and expect to be well in five minutes or, at most, an hour.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

By Jean Achelpohl

For me advertisements mean shattered aircastles. Whenever I pick up a magazine to find some clever short story to while away a few minutes of time, the pages always fall open to disclose a brightly-colored, alluring appeal to comfort, luxury, and alas, my pocket-book. "Why", I ask myself, "Why doesn't some compassionate being force the manufacturers to stop tempting some of us weak-minded victims who simply cannot resist an advertisement, be it what it may."

Their effect upon me is appalling. When I see a charming young matron using *Chipso* soap to wash an orange breakfast set in a green enamel sink—well almost, but not quite, want to buy some *Chipso* and wash dishes myself.

Can there, do you suppose, be a woman anywhere who doesn't have a shelf of *Pond's Cold Cream*? If there is, she either has perfect confidence in her looks, or else she isn't all woman! Woe be to us whom even *Pond's* can't make beautiful! Still we go on with those confident, urging, optimistic "living examples" that *Pond's* keeps flinging before our eyes.

Didn't you ever cut a coupon from an advertisement, fill in your name and address, enclose ten cents in stamps to pay return postage, and then feverishly wait for what usually proves to be a woefully small package? All the thrills of getting something for nothing, of trying something new, of answering an advertisement, are wrapped up in that coupon.

Modern bathrooms as the magazine picture them! I like to close my eyes and imagine myself stepping into a du Barry rose tub that harmonizes perfectly with the ming green walls, and a floor of ultramarine blue tile. A sparkling mirror above the rose dressing table reflects the gorgeous, sixteenth century ladies painted in the arch sunken in the farther wall. A soft green mat at the side of the tub reminds me that it is time to dress, and so I step from the tub, the only tub, back into reality. "Oh well, a white enamel tub is better than a wash-tub, any day," I whisper to myself, and wander into an everyday white bathroom to draw my bathwater, remembering

that the hot water comes out of the cold water faucet.

And so it is, from automobiles and radios to hot-water bottles and pancake flour, all urging you to buy, proving to you that you can't live longer without it, telling you that you surely want it or you are abnormal, and we—at least I—believe them.

CIRCUS SEATS

By Ruth Dawson

The question of seats rarely enters the mind of the seasoned circus-goer. In spite of that, it is ever a perplexing and much-argued one for me. There's the reserved-seat section where one is expected to sit and where one's friends sit; but there are also the "planks", backless, narrow, almost unimaginably uncomfortable. When we sit on the planks we are surrounded by gum-chewers, not even mentioning gum-smackers. Every one enthusiastically eats peanuts, more enthusiastically throws shells, and most enthusiastically eats a species of pink cotton candy. We all get so excited. There are screams of, "Lookit th' ole clown *now*—he's stopped Annie! Just *lookit* the look on her face, will ya! Wouldn't that jar ya!" "Here co-o-o-omes tha ellaphants!" "Plez, lady, wontcha take off yer hat?" There's a person somewhere in the crowd who has on the perfume we smelled in the dime-store the other day. We are violently afraid of falling off the "planks", but that doesn't even begin to keep us from joyfully bouncing up and down. And when the Grand March starts—there's just nothing like it (except another circus). The swaying, voluptuous women, on the swaying voluptuous elephants, that "circus smell", so delicious to the nose trained by years off attendance, the stickiness of one's neck upon which the child behind continually dribbles ice-cream—all add to the undeniable fascination. In the reserved section one's neighbors enjoy themselves—with the exception of some bored parents—but merely express themselves with refined ooohs and oahs. I prefer the shrieks of laughter, the groans of the boards as they strain under the weight of a hysterical mass of people. In the reserved-seat section if anyone notices anything, it's with, "That's effective", instead of

"Looky, Mabel, ain't that big peroxide in th' pa-a-ale green satin jist too elegant!" Or—from an old lady of perhaps seventy—"I hev always wisht I could 'ave rid one of them ellaphants. Bill—never put pop corn down a lady's back." No, give me a ticket, if you will, in the reserved-seat section, but I'll sit on the "planks".

REVERIE

By S. S.

I am at a dance; everything is very gay and everyone is or appears extremely happy. I stand around looking for some friends. I can see them nowhere. I musn't stand around like this, I must get into the spirit of the party. My first and last attempt is made by walking up to a group of people and beginning a conversation with them. They skip lightly from one bit of interesting news to another, but I can't seem to qualify, for tonight I don't want to talk about the latest love affair of some popular actress; instead I want to tell them how silly they all seem, how tiresome their conversation is, and I want to talk seriously with them. They don't seem so disposed and as soon as is conventionally correct, I sneak away. I wonder what is wrong with me. For lately, I weary easily of dancing feet, of people with too bright eyes, of music, of glowing lights.

I look outside and it is raining. Oh! here is a chance for escape, at least for a little while. As I step out on the verandah, the air, smelling of the pungent flowers touches my lips, my cheeks, my hair, and like a gentle caress it seems to haunt me. A great loneliness comes upon me. I want something and I don't know what I want.

The air brings back heartbreaking memories, yet it taunts me with a hope for new and different things. It calls to youth and life to come to the Valley of Kings over a gypsy path; it carries with it madness! If those poor, seemingly happy people inside could only know what witchery, what delight, what happiness the night holds for them, they would drink deep of it while it lasts, instead of staying indoors in a hot stuffy, boring room, seeking unnatural excitement.

Somewhere below in the garden

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MY HOME TOWN

By Dorothy Onken

My home town boasts of 2,234 souls, a live-wire Chamber of Commerce, and three railroads. The energetic Lion's Club has the fire whistle blown precisely at noon every Tuesday in honor of its weekly luncheon. Two huge sign-boards, just outside the city limits, proclaim in screeching orange that Gibson City has "Good Churches", "Good Schools", is a "Good Place to Trade", and is the "Town with a Smile," (otherwise "the town that makes you laugh" according to my witty brother.) The pride of the community is the boulevard, that almost rivals Main Street in popularity.

The canning factory is the industrial center. Every year during the "corn run" the town is infested with gypsies, hoboes, half-breeds, flat bushers, human derelicts of all kinds, and "poor white trash" from everywhere in general and nowhere in particular. It is about this time that the honest gentry is requested by numerous signs to "Beware of Pickpockets", and the editorial in the weekly paper discusses the advisability of keeping everything under lock and key. The canning company erects hundreds of small white tents to house these various and sundry employees. This district is accordingly known as "White City". Gibsonites derive the same pleasure from visiting "White City" late at night as the "Four Hundred" probably do from slumming.

I shall never forget riding through there one night. It had been misting all day, and a low fog hung over the tents—fortunately obscuring the unflinching and stark reality of daylight. Small kerosene lamps and wavering candles focused grotesque shadows on the sides of the tent. The huge pile of soured corn wastes that rose opposite the settlement produced a stench that nauseated us. A black figure sat huddled before a cheerless camp fire. A pile of tin cans loomed before our eyes. The last thing I recall before we hurried back to respectability was a shrill curse followed by hideous laughter.

Read the Linden Bark.

STREET LIGHTS

By Mary Mason

One by one I saw them glow
With the yellow radiance of topaz;
The first lamps of dusk,
Beading the blue-gray mist of twilight
With countless gems.
Earthly, man-made stars,
Aiding their immortal brothers
In the shadowy heavens.

ON CARRYING EGGS

By Lillian Smith

One of my pet aversions is carrying eggs. I have never trusted myself with the delivering of fragile "hen-fruit" since an unforgotten day which ended over thirteen years ago. On that day my mother "cleaned me up" and sent me to buy some groceries. I was very gay when I started on my errand, but I was still happier when I finished my shopping and realized that I had forgotten nothing. Before leaving the store I congratulated myself heartily and decided that in celebration of this remarkable accomplishment I would eat a piece of candy. As I was weighted down with packages, it was with great difficulty that I extricated the desired sack. Having found it, I tightened my grasp, but in so doing I relinquished my hold on another sack, the one containing the eggs. The inevitable result occurred; the eggs broke. The grocery-woman, possessing much common-sense and kindness, aided me by placing the remains in another sack, which she then presented to me.

When I started homeward my my heart was heavier than the load I carried, for I had a premonition that all would not be well. A yellow mass oozed thru the paper and trickled down my sleeve and the front of my dress. With each successive step that I took, the paper became more and more like pulp, and a yellow mass—I might say mess—dripped to the sidewalk and marked the trail of my perilous course. After centuries of walking I arrived before the "court of inquisition." My mother, more irritated by my personal appearance than the broken eggs, omitted the usual preliminary explanations and began to spank me immediately. I became so angered by the injustice of this world that I resolved never to carry eggs again. This resolve

I kept for seven years; not until I was twelve did I again venture to carry eggs, and even yet, I have an unpleasant insecure feeling when I attempt this treacherous work.

Whether or not my dislike for eggs is a result of the experience, I cannot say; but I do know that my vivid retention of the incident is proof of my very sensitive nature. I believe that I am more sensitive than the majority of people. Surely I am a distinctive type. I am different. Then I wonder if I am like everybody else because I think I'm different. But little does it matter if I am like most people; I have at least one experience that differentiates me from the others: for seven years I never carried eggs.

A CYCLONE

By Gladys Halliburton

The whole great vault of heaven's
blue was tinged
A scarlet hue and earth lay burning
warm
Beneath the fiery dome. The sun
had set
Full hours ago and still the earth
stood bright
As day. A light, a ghastly yellow
light
Illumined all and nothing breathed
aloud
As silence shrouded all and humans
awed.
When darkness covered all at last,
on high
A pallid moon looked wanly down
and weird
Uncanny clouds of purest white
sailed 'cross
Her path from darkest night to
vanish there
Again. The warmth held on and
breath grew hard
When night no coolness brought.
And then, across
The prairie wide a distant whistle
reached
Us there and louder fast it quickly
grew.
It groaned and shrieked as on it
raged and left
A death track wide behind. The
monster wind
In frenzy's clutch was flying low
towards us
When suddenly it twist its twirling
way
And faded out as phantom ghosts
at night.

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Again I am doomed to disappointment. I know that I have neglected my cold too long for quick cure but, as I hate medicines, I decide to try the old adage of "feeding the cold and starving the fever." My friends tell me of numerous drugs which, if I bought all, would be enough to start a drug store but would leave me in poverty. The neighbors recommend old-fashioned cures used by grandmothers, at the same time assuring me that these remedies have never failed. I refuse to see a doctor because he gives such bad tasting medicines, and always advises a few days in bed. I have not time to do that, for who would run the world if I were sick? No, that plan will not be possible.

I continue trying these "sure cures" for about three days and, all the time, one thought goes through my mind—"prevention is better than cure". I argue, "But how did I know I was going to have a cold? Of course, if I had known, I would have stopped it." All of this discussion in my mind fails to rout the cold, so I settle down to work.

In a few days, a great many tasks have piled up. I find that I am behind in notebook work, to say nothing of textbook reading. I become much absorbed in my studies because I must get them done as soon as possible. When at last I have finished and again have time to rest and think, "Why did I leave all this work to do at the last minute? Why, that is right, I had a cold. Oh, it has gone!" I am delighted because I am well again.

This proves that I just needed to forget that I had a cold in order to be without it. However I must leave to someone smarter than I, the solving of the question, "Why do you not forget the cold when it begins?"

POETRY

By Elizabeth Larabee

I love poetry,
Yet it escapes me.
I seek vainly,
To capture rhythm
In words.
I struggle ceaselessly
To imprison elusive fantasies.
On paper.

(Continued from page 4, col. 3)

a fountain gurgles and gushes, mingling its dancing spray with the falling rain. Sometimes it sounds like falling tears. I musn't think of disillusioning things. At last I am carefree, if only for the moment. If I let myself think of all the troubles and sorrows life holds, I can be dragged down, down into the sewer like the raindrops when they fill the gutter.

When discovered I had been out nearly two hours, I took one last, deep exhilarating breath and went back into the mad room. The guests were still in a frenzied state of excitement.

I decided to go home. I bade my hostess "good-night" and told her I had enjoyed myself very much. (If she had only known that my enjoyment had consisted of the excitement Nature had to offer and not that which she had paid good money to provide! As I drew near home I realized that I had not yet lost sight of that sense of something more infinite, more remote, more intangible than words can describe, and I thanked God for that impulse which drove me out into the night and rain.

(Continued from page 3, col. 2)

oddly upon its unlit windows and makes it seem to be gazing heavenward. The evening shadows cause dark lines about the door and make its rectangular mouth appear strangely sad. I stand for several minutes just watching this fantastical cottage, a lump rises in my throat, I whirl quickly around, rush into the house and snap on lights until the entire house is ablaze.

Cars begin to whiz by, men come from work, children from play; the rosy light in the sky becomes dimmer and dimmer until all is black, even the stars being hid behind the threatening clouds. People's voices ring out loudly, victrolas play lively tunes, the smell of frying meat fills the night air, the entire atmosphere is alive with the hustle and bustle of life. The house across the way has again changed its mood. Happy and joyous it is now with its many lights and its soft curling smoke coming from the odd little chimney. As I sit down to one of my mother's savory Swiss steaks I glance lingeringly at the little white cottage and—yes, it winks understandingly back!

(Continued from page 3, col. 1)

sible. All the temper, all the selfish unreasonableness of my horrid disposition was reflected in my mirror.

But my book was before me and although I was shockingly rebellious in spirit I had to start in. I gave an angry hitch to my chair and there was a startling crash. My mirror, rather hastily and carelessly laid on the edge of my desk had gone down to the floor and to destruction. As I stopped to clean up the fragments I saw that something else had fallen too. There beside the demolished mirror lay my three little apes as nonchalant as ever. Something in the subconscious working of my mind linked them with the scattered crystal splinters and I looked at them more closely than ever before. I saw that two of them had eyes and two had ears.

REGRET

(Dedicated to the Suite)

By Mary Elizabeth Miller

It's so much fun to sit
and talk,
It's so much fun to laugh
and walk,
When lessons should be done
The night before.

It's quite the thing to sing
and dance,
It's quite the thing to play
and prance,
When lessons should be done
The night before.

'Tisn't so much fun to be
in school,
'Tisn't so much fun to be
the fool,
When lessons should be done
The night before.

'Tisn't quite the thing to say,
"Don't know,"
'Tisn't quite the thing to rave
and crow,
When lessons were not done
The night before.

Regret is not a balm
for pain,
Regret is not a salve
for strain,
When lessons were not done
The night before.

Read the Linden Bark.

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of many-colored pennants from practically every school in the country, the usual snappy orchestra, and the ever-popular ice cream cones which were served during intermission for refreshments.

A brief stunt written by Lindenwood's own southern playwright, Marion Pope, occupied the remainder of the time during intermission. Ruthie Bullion and Dick Anderson, the former a modern, and the latter a modern with old-fashioned ideas about girls, passed enthusiastic judgment upon eight girls, four in snappy sports clothes, and four in beautiful long formals, who appeared one by one when called forth by the boy's remarks. The four moderns were represented by Lorraine Mehl, Hardi Albright, Juandelle Shook, and Cora Glasgow; while the four sweet, Victorian misses were Helen Henderson, Flossie Cooper, Edith Hussman, and Bobbie Johnson.

Pep and a lot of it is necessary to make any dance a truly gala affair, and this had an over abundance of it; hence, one of the bigger and better dances!

The party was graced by a bevy of the season's smartest sport clothes. There was every type of sport costume from the most mannish of sweaters and skirts to the variegated colors that will be worn this spring.

Dot Schleicher was extremely attractively garbed in a light blue tailored dress, and a gray hat. Hilda Culver wore a flowered linen ensemble with hat to match. Jakie Hempelman was dressed in a futuristic print of prominent orange and blue.

Margie Bright, president of the Texas club, wore a rose sport dress with crepe de chine skirt and knitted blouse, and a gay scarf. Virginia Evans, purple outfit was adorable. Virginia Baker's green knitted ensemble, was another of the most noticeable outfits.

Altogether, there were many charming dresses and the Southern Club party was a sartorial success.

The annual College Night, sponsored by the St. Louis College Club will be February 18 at the American Theatre, with the *Bachelor Father* as the play. As is customary, the Lindenwood girls will take part in the program by singing.

ANCIENT ROMAN SPLENDOR IN PICTURES

The Roman Tatler this week lauds the splendor of ancient Rome pictorially. There are wonderfully clear and interesting pictures of famous scenic and historic spots which are to be found within the portals of Rome. Of course, the Roman Parthenon and its picturesque Portico is shown, and beside it are two famous structures: the House of the Vestal Virgins in the Roman Forum and the Piazza Del Popolo. The Italian "White House" is next, with a fascinating glimpse of the King's impressive Bodyguard. Then, the famous Arch of Titus, the stones of which are laid by the vengeance-vowing, captive Jews thousands of years ago. Finally, down in one corner of the big placard, is a little picture of two cunning, tattered, little newsboys, dozing peacefully, and dreaming, so the subtitle informs one, "of the Splendors of the Past" Far be it from the writer to argue the subject of their dreams, but their ragged attire strikes the same chord of pity in one as does the sight of one of our own American newsboys.

BETTY FOSTER LAUDS ABE LINCOLN

At the Y. W. C. A. service Wednesday night, February 6, Betty Foster, the president, told about some of the most admirable qualities of Abraham Lincoln. She especially stressed his humility and lauded him highly for his wonderful personality. He followed Christ's example of humility.

Those who attended the meeting sang their favorite hymns and everyone offered suggestions of their favorite hymns. The Y. W. C. A. is one organization on the campus of which every student is a member. Everyone should come out to the meetings and help those who are giving it their time, by giving their interest a least once a week.

BETA PI THETA PLAY

Promises To Be Successful

And once more Beta Pi Theta, Lindenwood's National Honorary French Fraternity, steps to the front. On February 15, it will

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ELEMENTARY COOKING CLASS GETS UNDER WAY

There are five girls taking Elementary Cooking, which is being offered this year for the first time by the Department of Home Economics. This course is taught by Miss Marie Mortensen and is open to all students. In the class there are three freshmen and two sophomores. These girls study meal planning, preparing, and serving.

On each Wednesday they prepare their lunch in the apartment in the Home Economics Department. They are now working out a series of breakfasts. Later, they will take a series of luncheons, and then a series of dinners. This course is very practical in that it presents an opportunity for actual work. The apartment in which the girls work is charming and helps make the course a novel one.

"WILLS and WILLS"

Explained by Judge Holtcamp

Lindenwood was delighted to meet again Judge Charles W. Holtcamp of the Probate Court of St. Louis, who is well known to the students, both for his lectures in the past and his annual Bible prize. Thursday morning, January 31, he gave an interesting and instructive talk on Wills.

First, to upset the opinion of many that a will must be a very formal thing and something which one does just preceding other preparations for dying, he showed several examples of Wills. One had been written on the back of a calendar sheet, another on a mere strip of paper. A will may be drawn up at any time or place as long as the person is sane and there are witnesses present. But however or whenever it may be written it is the duty of every person with an estate or persons depending upon him to have one.

For in the absence of a will the estate goes down according to the law of descent. Consequently it is often left in the hands of someone incapable of handling it. Research has shown that 84% of the widows who are left estates upon the death of their husbands lose them within four years. A provision made by

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present a three act play *Le Malade Imaginaire*, by Moliere. Catherine Orr, is to be Argan, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, Her doctor," Monsieur Purgon is portrayed by Betty Jack. The doctor handles Argan's sickness to his own good.

Toinette, played by Lillie Bloomenstiel, is the usual saucy mannered servant of the 17th. century. Angelique, daughter of Argan, enters and converses about her lover. Angelique Margaret Dyer, and Cleante Elizabeth Tracy. Argan tells his daughter that he has chosen a husband for her, Thomas Diaforous. Tionette enters-and how! Next enters the villainess, Byline, step-mother to Angelique, otherwise known as Pep Perry. Sue Austin, as a Lawyer makes a will for Argan.

The plot thickens as Cleante enters in disguise as a teacher of expression. Here Thomas Diaforous, Frances Dunn and her father, Mary Ambler, show how ridiculous they can really be.

The fact is discovered that Cleante has been seen in Angelique's room, Louison, Theresa Bartos, is called in and questioned.

The third act opens with Beralde, Rosalyn Sachs, trying to make Argan see the light. Fleurant, an apothecary, Virginia Bear enters with a remedy but does not meet with much success. Tionette enters in disguise of a doctor and contradicts Purgon. She persuades Argan to pretend he is dead and hereby find out the true feelings of his family. Argan consents to the marriage of Cleante and Angelique. He himself becomes a doctor under the direction of Elizabeth Pinkerton, Frances Doak, Doris Arnold, and Lena Lewis.

Miss Stone and Miss Gordon have charge of the play.

WRITERS—TAKE HEED

The chance has come for the literary hopefuls to be really hopeful. Mary Alice Lange is simply aching for good poetry or short prose for the literary section of the annual. Any member of any class may win recognition by being in the Linden Leaves. Of course not all the prose and poetry will be used, but that makes the honor for that which is selected. Everything must be in by February 13.

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will could easily have prevented this.

There are of course many types of wills. But it is as a protection for those, receiving money that a will is of most important. For when no provisions are made the legatees often become public care. Therefore it is not only the duty of a man but the concern of everyone to know about and be ready to give advice concerning wills.

MISS MURRAY AIDS SEWING CLASSES

Miss Murray of Saint Louis demonstrated some new electric attachments for Singer sewing machines to the classes in sewing on a recent Tuesday afternoon. She showed the use of the tucker and piper, two of the numerous attachments and left several samples of the work. Next week, Miss Murray will return and demonstrate further attachments. In the meanwhile, she left various packages of material, rick-rack and lace, for the girls who are taking sewing to make up and send in to the Singer Headquarters to compete in a prize contest

"PEP" PARTY ENDS EXAMINATION WEEK

A "Pep" party, unique in every detail, celebrated the end of the Exam week on Tuesday, January 29. The annual Board sponsored the dance with the editor-in-chief, Ruth Bullion, as Master of Ceremonies. Each guest, clad in becoming checked apron or white duck trousers, was met at the door by one who took her ticket and stamped a red attendance sign on the back of her hand.

The "students" were examined by "Prof. Ruthie" on their knowledge of the word "pep". All lustily insisted that the only proper definition of the word pep is Ruth Bullion—plus. The program was enriched by Joy Carson's eloquent interpretation of "The Highwayman" and a clever dance by Natalie Loeb.

INITIATION OF PLEDGES

At a meeting of Beta Pi Theta, Wednesday, February 6, held in Y. W. chapel, many new members were taken in! Frances Doak, Clara

Nathan, Doris Arnold, Doris Force, Dorothea McCullough, Helen Diehr, Katherine Perry, Betty Jack, Ruth Lemen, Elnora, Johnston, Eleanor Richardson, Mary Louise Wardley, Marion Becker and Frances Elliott.

ANOTHER RECITAL

A student recital at five o'clock in Roemer Auditorium on February 5 consisted of piano, voice and violin numbers. The program began with two piano solos, the first *Scarf Dance* by Linne, played by Alice Rowland and the second, *Prelude C Sharp Minor* by Rachmaninoff, played by Mary Louise Bowles. Ruth Correa sang *Sleepy Time* by Terry and *Wake Up* by Phillips. This was folowed by *Lotus Flower* by Schumann and *Sweetest Flower That Blows* by Hawley which Charlotte Lehrack sang. Virginia Thompson made her first appearance with *A Memory* by Park and *My Shadow* by Hadley. Geraldine Davis played the only violin solo on the program. *Adoration* by Borowski. Allison Plat sang *My Lovely Celia* by Higgins and *Come to the Fair* by Martin. Pauline Edwards followed with *Would God I Were the Tender Apple-Blossom*, an old Irish air, and *Lullaby* by Hanscom. Dorothy Sutton concluded the recital with two piano numbers, *Romance* by LaForge and *Morning Mood* by Grieg.

DR. ELY SAYS BIBLE TO EDUCATE NOT DESTROY

Rev. Dr. Robert W. Ely of the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church of St. Charles spoke at Vespers Sunday night, February 3, on a theme taken from Corinthians 13: 10, "The word of God is for education, not for destruction." It is not easy to follow the straight and narrow way, but one must do so to receive the crown of life.

A Christian education, according to John Sterling is the education that teaches self-denial even though it teaches nothing else.

Miss Katherine Linnemann, sister of Miss Alice Linnemann, Lindenwood's art teacher, has been appointed Librarian of the St. Charles Public Library and will assume her position February 11.